



SPAWN

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29
MAR

DIGITAL
EDITION



M FARLANE
QUINN

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"FATHER"



story

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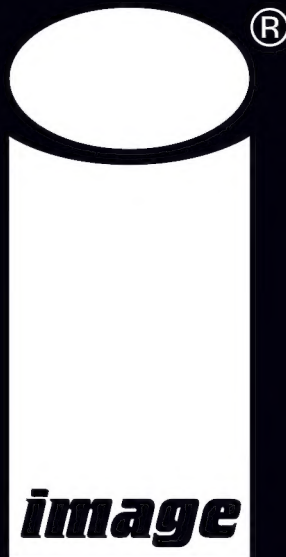
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LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

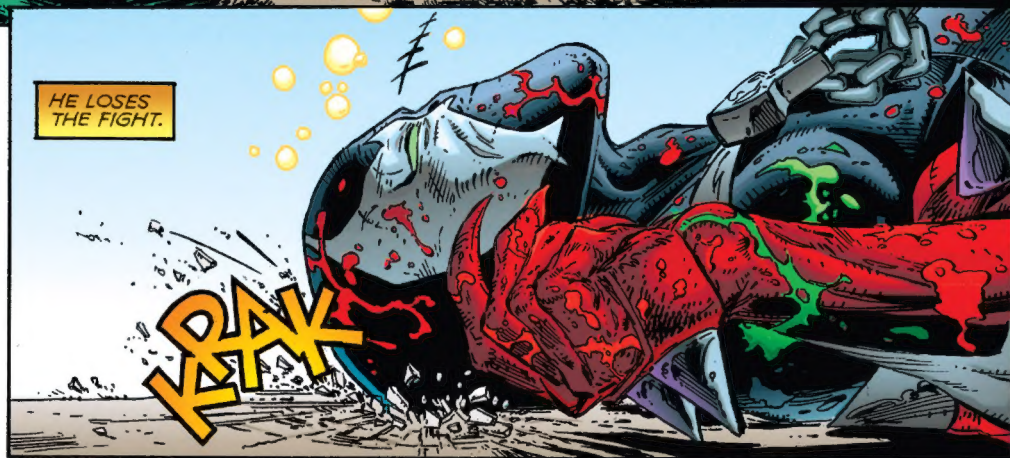
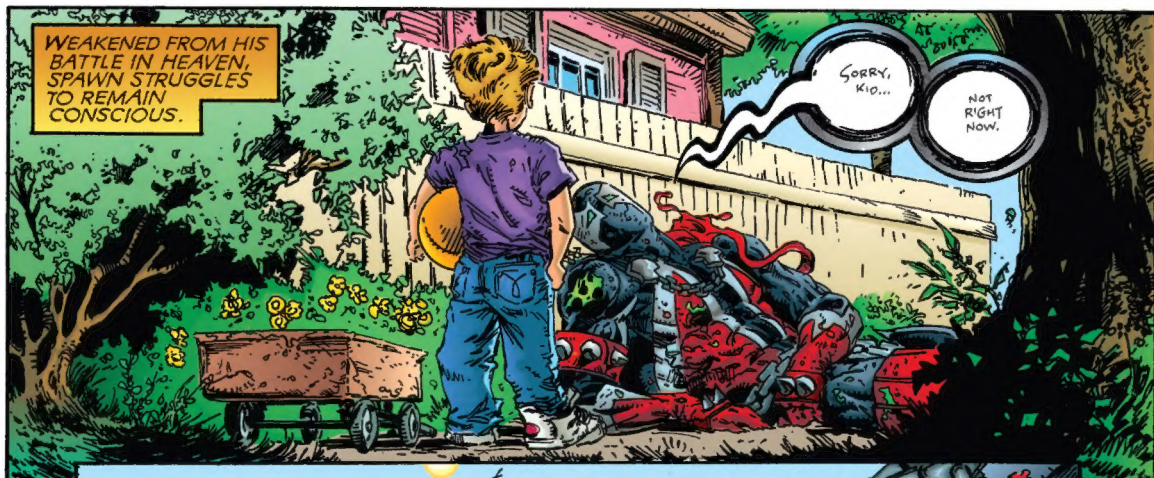
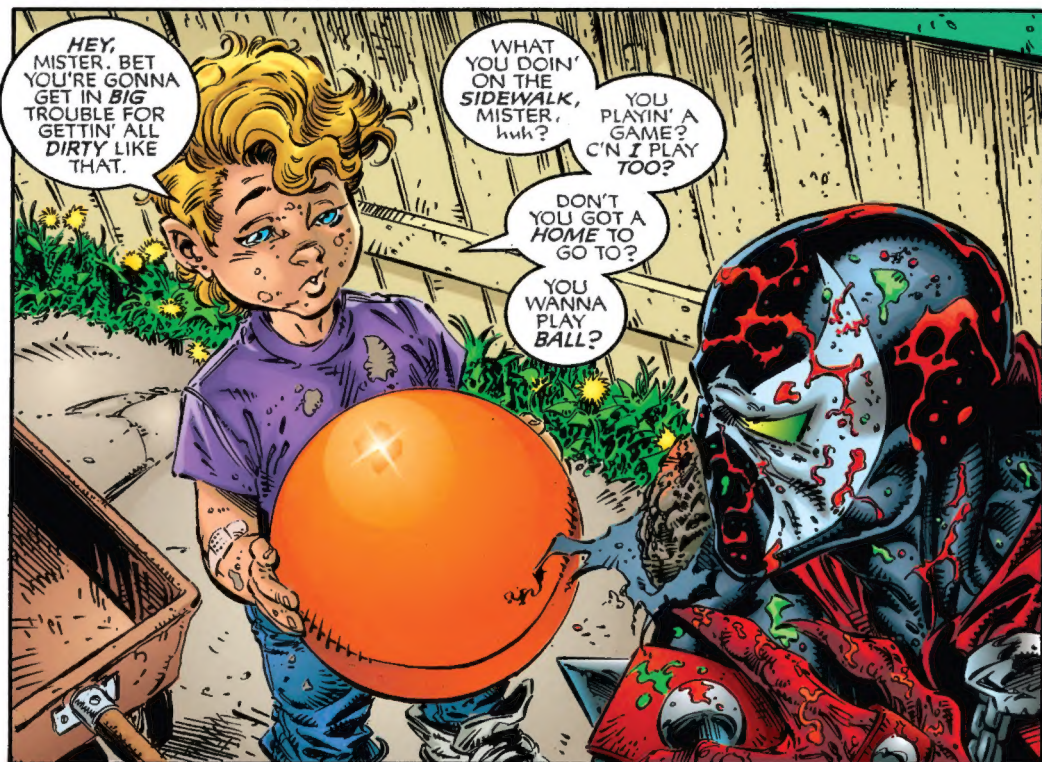
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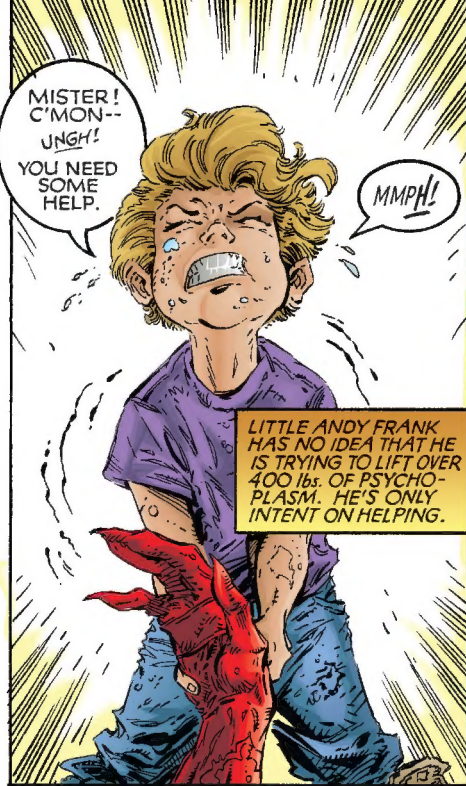
Director Of Creative Development: **TERRY FITZGERALD.**
Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS.**



image

NOTE: THIS STORY BEGINS WHERE WE LEFT SPAWN AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANGELA MINISERIES, ISSUE 3. -- Tom



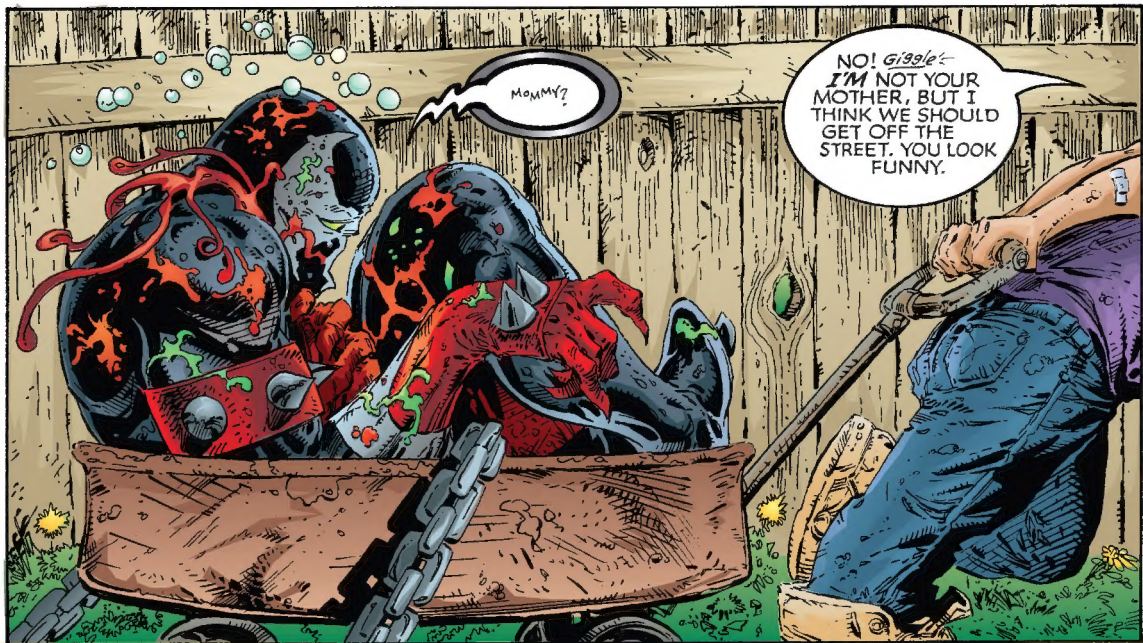


LITTLE ANDY FRANK HAS NO IDEA THAT HE IS TRYING TO LIFT OVER 400 LBS. OF PSYCHO-PLASM. HE'S ONLY INTENT ON HELPING.



HE SURPRISES HIMSELF BY BEING ABLE TO LIFT A GROWN MAN. HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE CHAINS ATTACHED AT SPAWN'S WAIST HAVE COME TO LIFE.

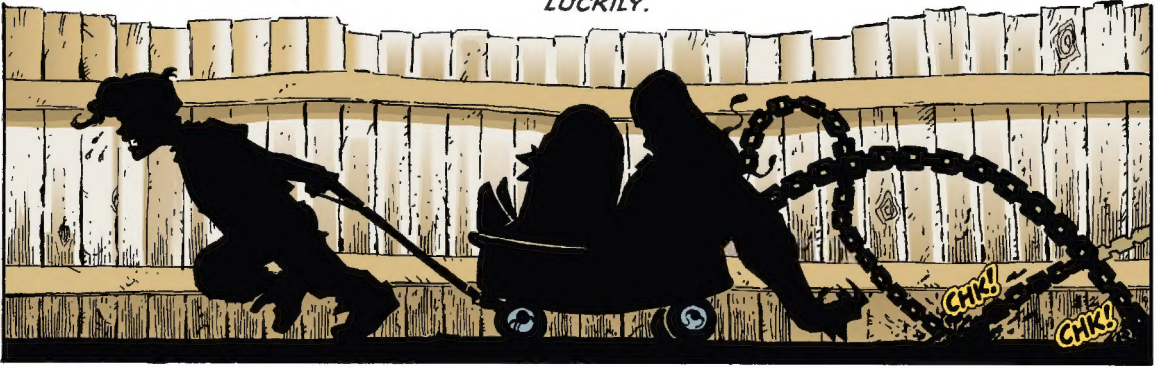
CREATED IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL'S EIGHTH LEVEL, THE CHAINS INSTINCTIVELY HELP THEIR HOST, BEARING SPAWN'S TOTAL WEIGHT.



PUSHING THE WAGON FORWARD, THE CHAINS SHATTER THE CEMENT IN A SERIES OF FORCEFUL SHOVS.

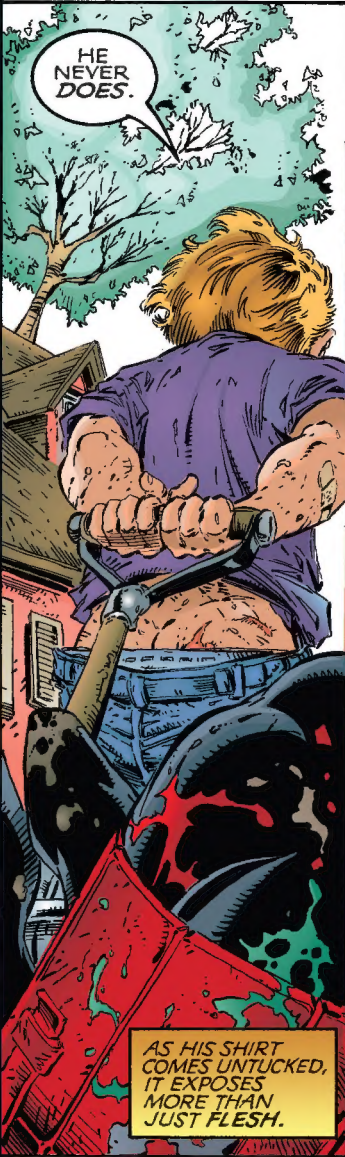
THOUGH IGNORANT OF THE FACT, ANDY WOULD BE VERY THANKFUL TO KNOW HIS WAGON WAS STRESS-TESTED AT THE FACTORY TO WITHSTAND 450 POUNDS.

LUCKILY.



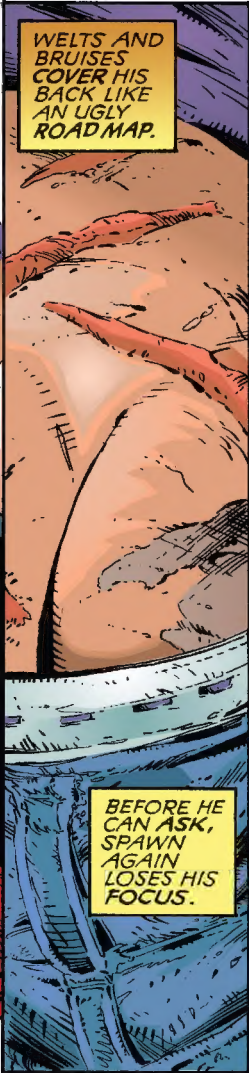
WHERE WE GOING?

HOME. WHA'D YA THINK? THOUGH I CAN'T LET PA SEE YOU. HE WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.



HE NEVER DOES.

AS HIS SHIRT COMES UNTUCKED, IT EXPOSES MORE THAN JUST FLESH.



WELTS AND BRUISES COVER HIS BACK LIKE AN UGLY ROAD MAP.

BEFORE HE CAN ASK, SPAWN AGAIN LOSES HIS FOCUS.

THE QUESTIONS WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

QUEENS, NEW YORK... THE HOME OF WANDA BLAKE AND TERRY FITZGERALD...

I'M SO SORRY, SWEETHEART. I GUESS I THOUGHT I COULD HELP SOMEHOW.

AND YOU ARE HELPING, WANDA, BUT NONE OF THIS IS SO IMPORTANT THAT IT'S WORTH RISKING YOUR LIFE. IF THE BAD GUYS WANT TO COME AFTER US, FINE. WE CAN'T STOP THAT.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO GO INTO THEIR DEN.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING IN THOSE FILES I BROUGHT HOME... SOMETHING WE CAN INVESTIGATE FROM A SAFER DISTANCE.

I KNOW-- IT WAS RECKLESS OF ME TO GO OUT THERE.

IT'S JUST THAT I KNOW HOW MUCH ALL OF THIS IS BOTHERING YOU, WHETHER YOU'LL ADMIT IT OR NOT. AND THE ONLY PERSON WHO SEEMED TO BE ON YOUR SIDE WAS SPAWN...

...THOUGH I HAVE NO IDEA WHY.

BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM, TERRY. HE BRUTALIZED THOSE THREE MEN IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. DIDN'T LET UP 'TIL THEY WERE JUST MORE GARBAGE IN HIS ALLEY.*

I WAS SO SCARED.

ANYWAY, FOR SOME REASON I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM. IS THAT CRAZY, OR WHAT?

NOT REALLY. BUT HE KNOWS THINGS HE SHOULDN'T, SO WE'LL JUST...

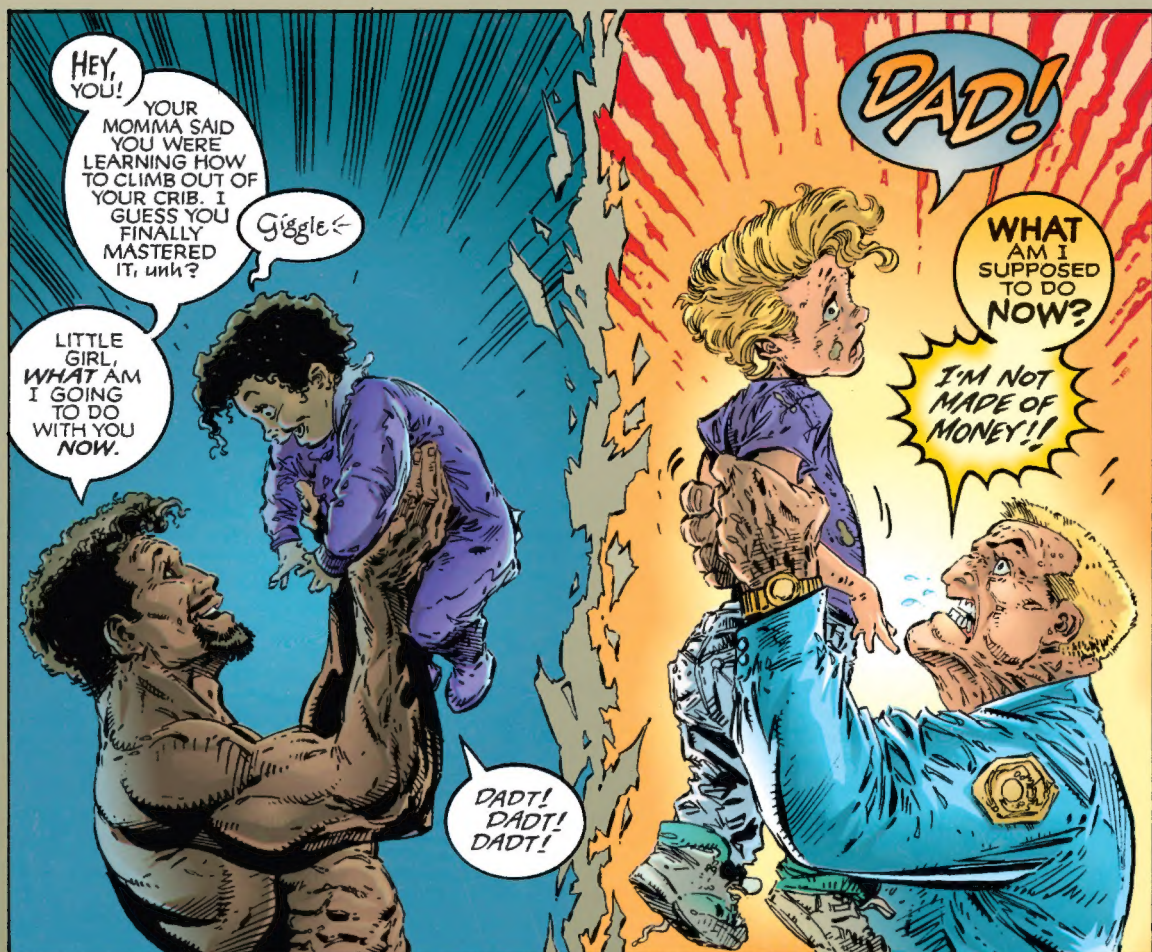
Uh?

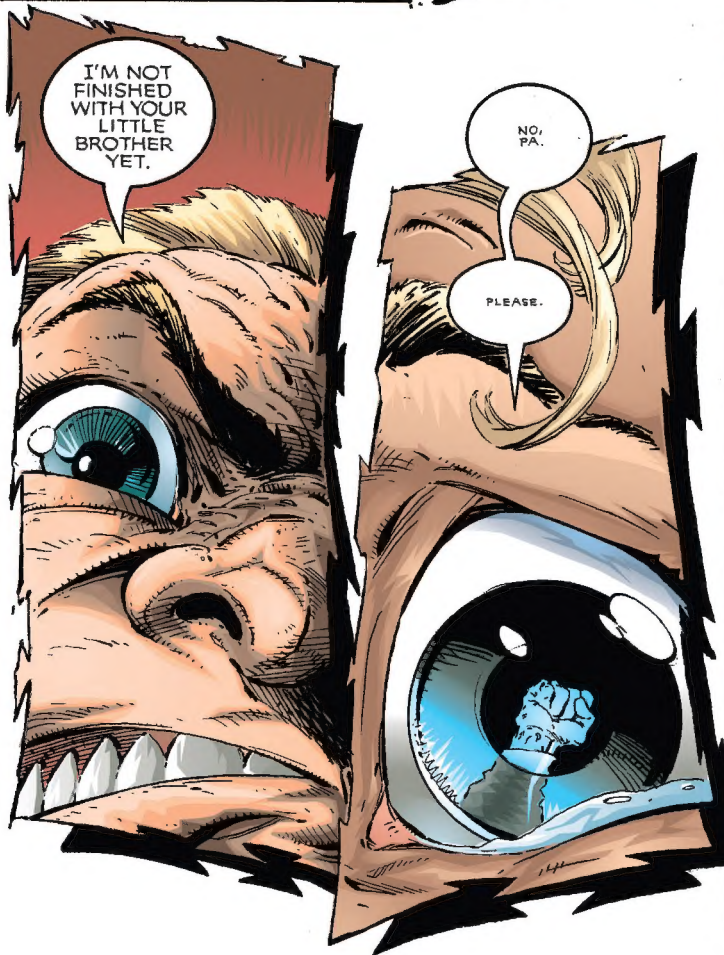
OH NO!!

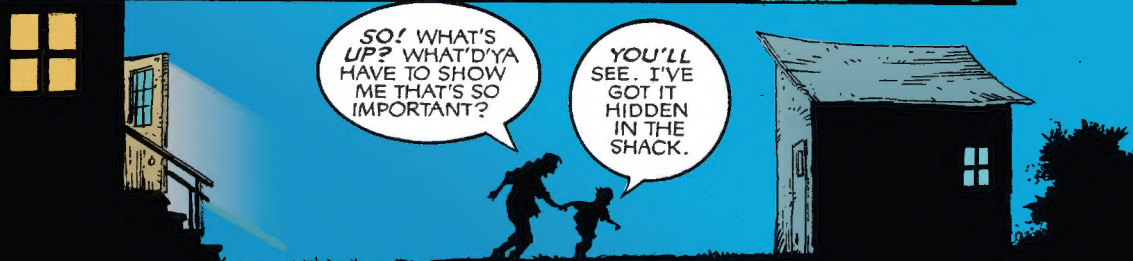
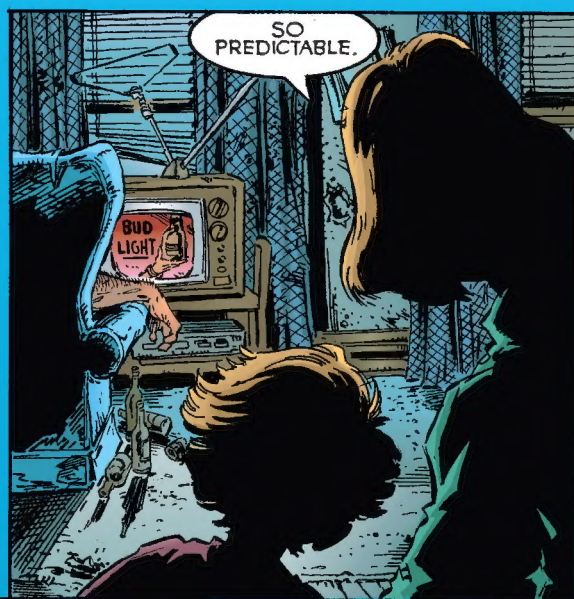
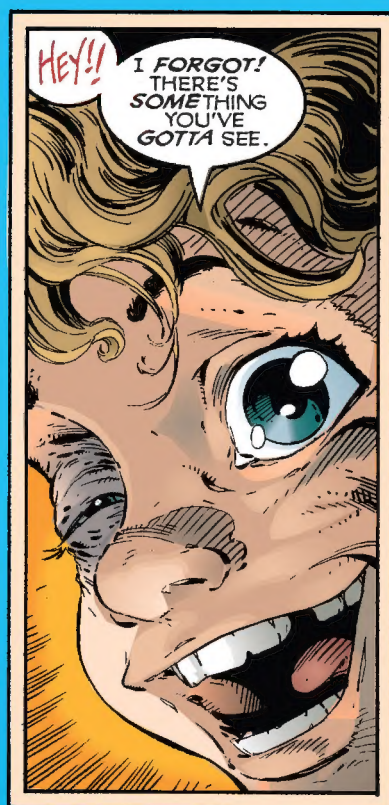
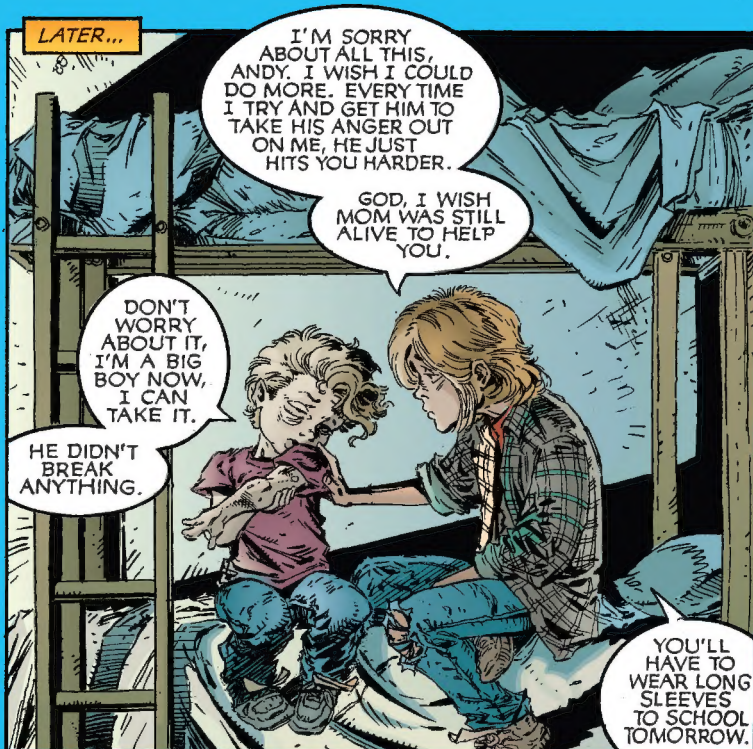
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YES.

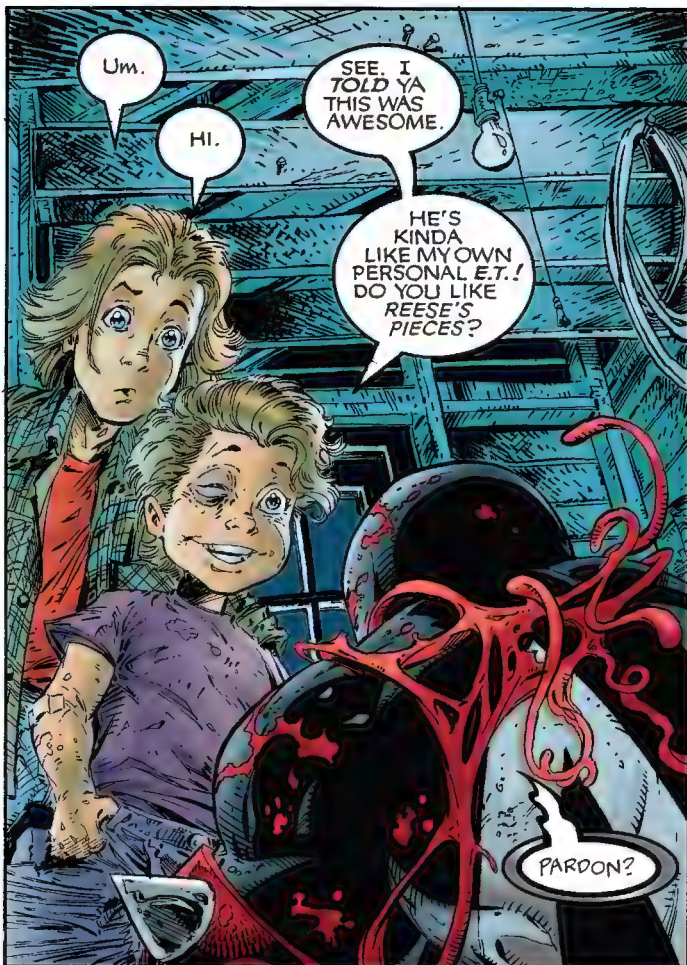
MOMMA!
MOMMA!
MOMMA!











Um.

Hi.

SEE. I
TOLD YA
THIS WAS
AWESOME.

HE'S
KINDA
LIKE MY OWN
PERSONAL E.T.!
DO YOU LIKE
REESE'S
PIECES?

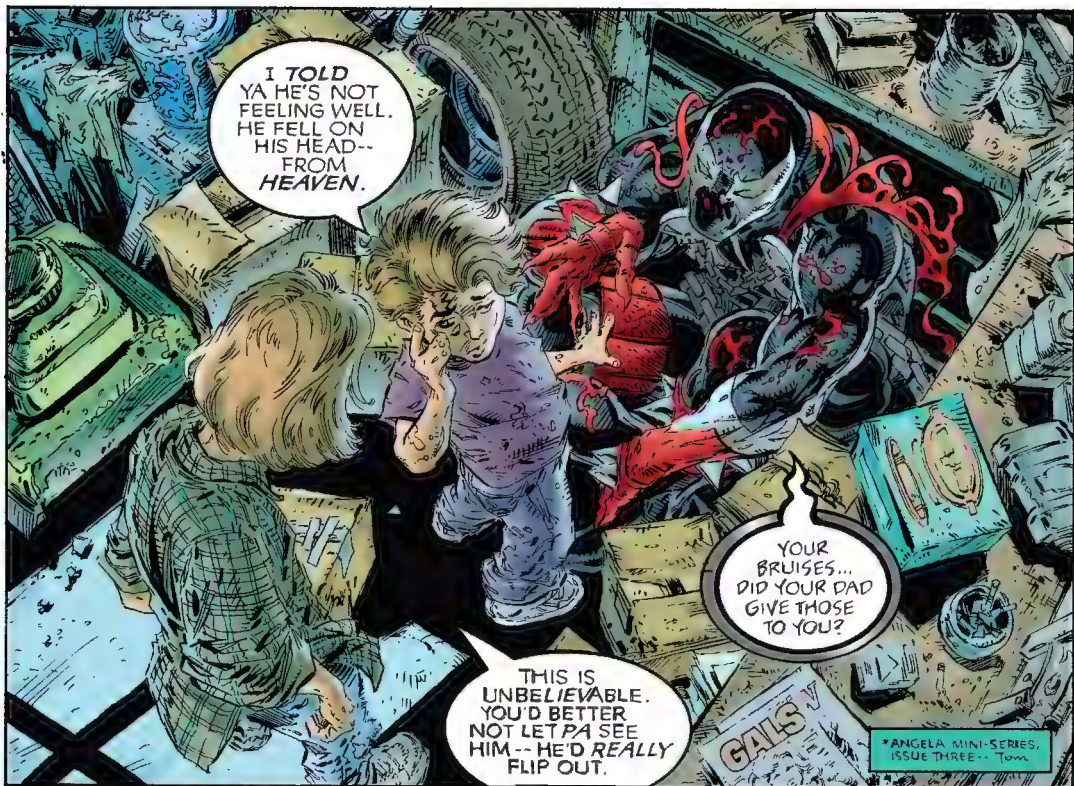
PARDON?



NEVER
MIND, HOW
ABOUT YOUR
FINGER--
CAN IT
GLOW?

IT
DID.

I'M
NOT
SURE IF
IT STILL
DOES.

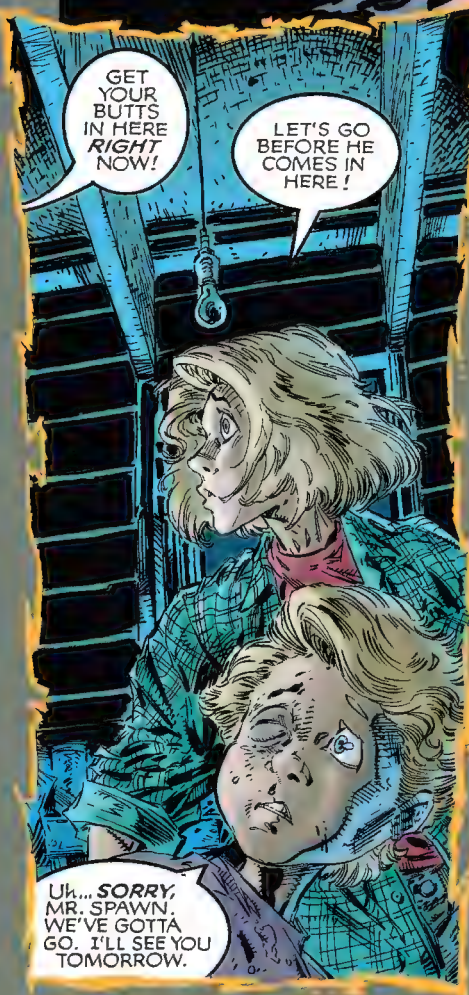


I TOLD
YA HE'S NOT
FEELING WELL.
HE FELL ON
HIS HEAD--
FROM
HEAVEN.

THIS IS
UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU'D BETTER
NOT LET PA SEE
HIM-- HE'D REALLY
FLIP OUT.

YOUR
BRUISES...
DID YOUR DAD
GIVE THOSE
TO YOU?

*ANGELA MINI-SERIES,
ISSUE THREE-- Tom



NEW YORK CITY
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
12th PRECINCT

Wow!

HE'S EVEN
SHADIER THAN I
THOUGHT. LOOK
AT THIS, TWITCH--
IT'S NO PROBLEM
TO TRACK EVERY
PHONE CALL
MADE FROM THIS
BUILDING...

EXCEPT...!

...SOMEHOW,
CHIEF BANKS'
OFFICE LINE CAN'T
BE ACCESSED.
PLUS, I'VE BEEN
ABLE TO CHECK
SOME OF HIS
POLITICAL TIES,
AND SO FAR
EVERYTHING
JIBES WITH THIS
CONFIDENTIAL
FILE SPAWN
GAVE ME.

I'VE READ
IT MYSELF,
SIR. IT **IS**
QUITE
THOROUGH.

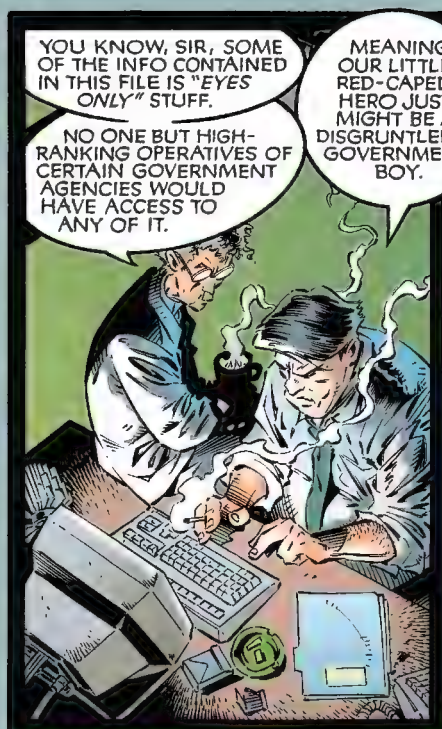
THE POSSIBILITY
THAT CHIEF BANKS
WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR HIRING BILLY
KINCAID TO KILL
A SENATOR'S
CHILD... IT'S
INCOMPRE-
HENSIBLE.

HERE I THOUGHT
KINCAID WAS JUST
A CLASS-ONE
NUTCASE, WORKING
ON HIS OWN.

NO WONDER
THE CHIEF WIGGED
OUT WHEN KINCAID'S
BODY WAS FOUND IN
OUR OFFICE. * HE
PROBABLY THOUGHT
WE KNEW
SOMETHING.

WELL,
NOW
WE
DO...!

* WAY BACK IN
ISSUE 5-- TOM.



YOU KNOW, SIR, SOME OF THE INFO CONTAINED IN THIS FILE IS "EYES ONLY" STUFF.

NO ONE BUT HIGH-RANKING OPERATIVES OF CERTAIN GOVERNMENT AGENCIES WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO ANY OF IT.

MEANING OUR LITTLE RED-CAPED HERO JUST MIGHT BE A DISGRUNTLED GOVERNMENT BOY.

THAT'S OUR **FIRST** POTENTIAL LEAD ON HIM.

I'M GOING TO GET SOME COFFEE. NEED ANYTHING?



A NOSE JOB AND A MILLION BUCKS.

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

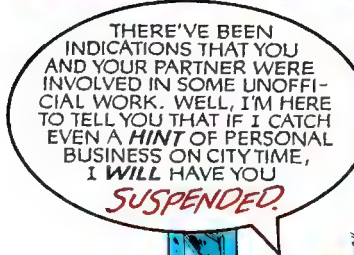
CHIEF BANKS

HELLO, CHIEF BANKS.

BURKE!

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS MOVING SO SLOWLY? DON'T YOU FEEL AN **URGENCY** TO PERFORM YOUR DUTIES?!

STUFF IT. I'M NOT HERE TO EXCHANGE PLEASANTRIES.



THERE'VE BEEN INDICATIONS THAT YOU AND YOUR PARTNER WERE INVOLVED IN SOME UNOFFICIAL WORK. WELL, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT IF I CATCH EVEN A **HINT** OF PERSONAL BUSINESS ON CITY TIME, I **WILL** HAVE YOU **SUSPENDED.**

YES, IT WAS RATHER UNFORTUNATE THAT INTERNAL AFFAIRS WASN'T ABLE TO NAIL ME FOR KINCAID'S DEATH.

WOULD HAVE REALLY MADE YOUR DAY, eh?



HOW **DARE** YOU!! YOU LISTEN **HERE,** I'M IN NO MOOD FOR...

DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!!

AND WHAT'S WITH THAT STUPID **GRIN** ON YOUR FACE...?

OK, YOU'LL FIND OUT, CHIEF. **BANK ON IT. HA-HA.**

SUNDAY.

PEERING FROM THE DANK SHADOWS OF A RUNDOWN SHED, THE HIDDEN GUEST EAVES-DROPS ON THE MORNING'S EVENTS.

BOYS!
Boys!!
WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S TIME FOR CHURCH.

RIGHT HERE, PA.

Oh, DID I KEEP YOU WAITING? SORRY. YOU KNOW HOW EMBARRASSED I GET WHEN WE'RE LATE. THANK YOU FOR BEING READY.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

BY GOD'S OWN DIVINE HAND SHALL HE PROTECT HIS ONLY SON, JESUS, WHO IN TURN SHALL USE HIS HAND TO PROTECT ALL OTHERS THAT FOLLOW THE PATH OF THE LORD.

IN JESUS' NAME WE PRAY-- AMEN.

AMEN.

THANKS AGAIN FOR WIPING OUT THAT SPEEDING TICKET, JOE. IT WOULD HAVE REALLY KILLED MY INSURANCE RATES.

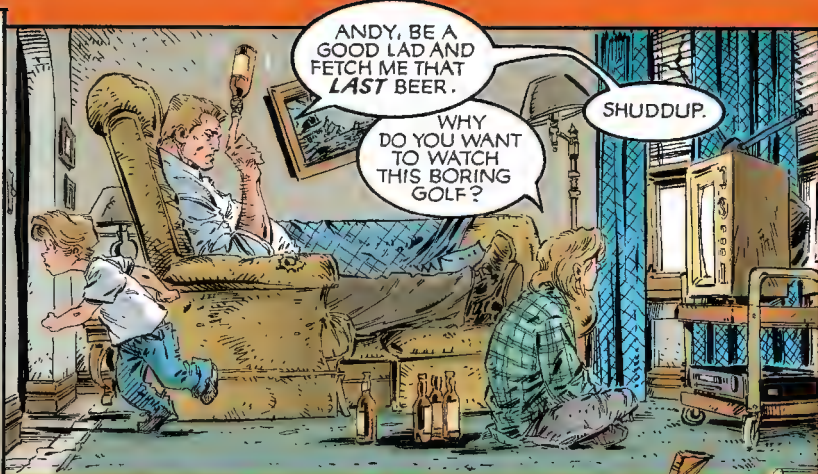
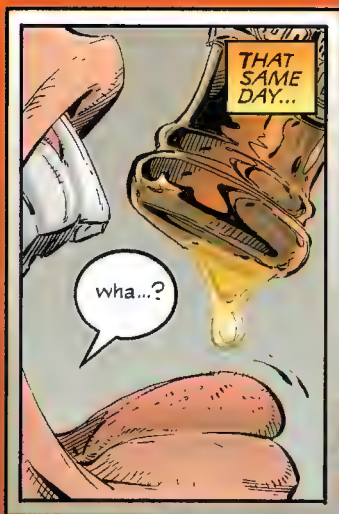
MY PLEASURE.

I SEE YOUR BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING SOME MORE TACKLE FOOTBALL! YOU TWO OUGHTTA BE A LITTLE EASIER ON EACH OTHER.

YES, MA'AM.

AW, YOU KNOW HOW BOYS ARE. THE TOUGHER THE GAME, THE HARDER THEY PLAY. BUT THEY SURE ARE GROWING UP TO BE FINE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. I'M SO PROUD OF THEM BOTH.

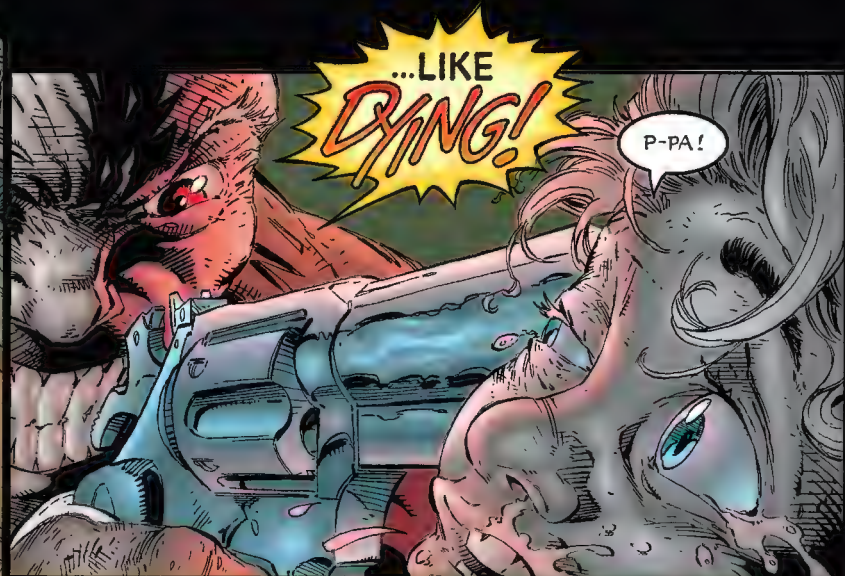
THEIR MOM WOULD'VE BEEN, TOO.





THAT'S IT!
I'M THROUGH
TRYING TO **BEAT**
SOME SENSE
INTO YOU!

TIME YOU
LEARNED
ANOTHER
LESSON...



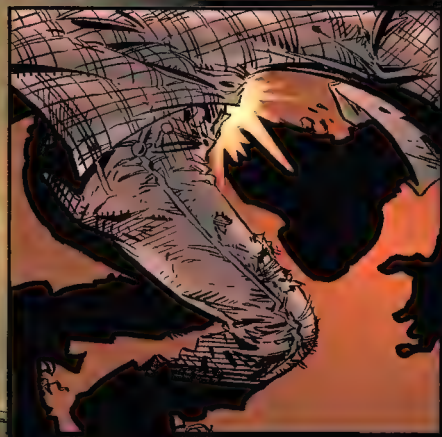
...LIKE
DYING!

P-PA!



**STOP IT!
STOP IT!**

Uk?



READY,
BOY?

CLICK!

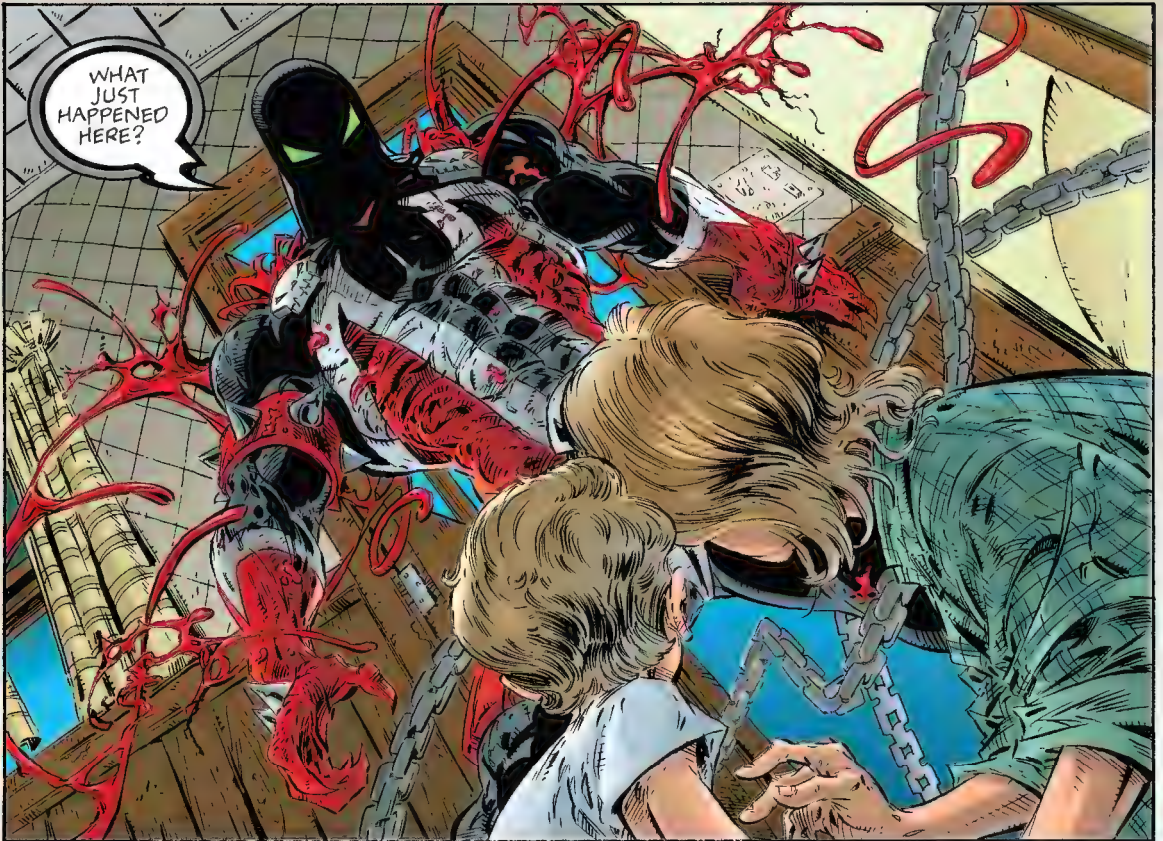
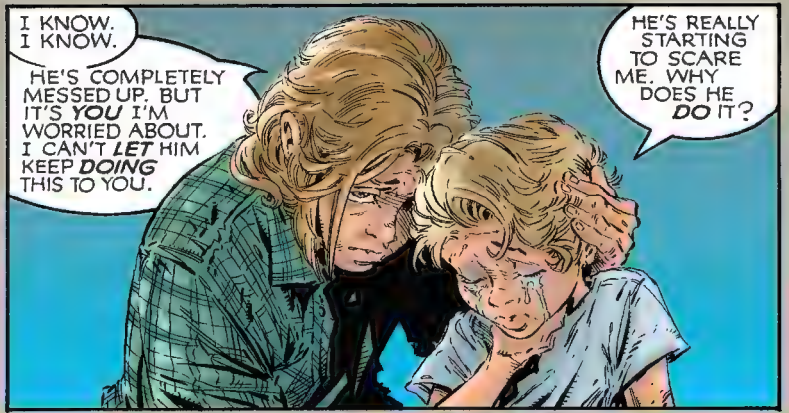
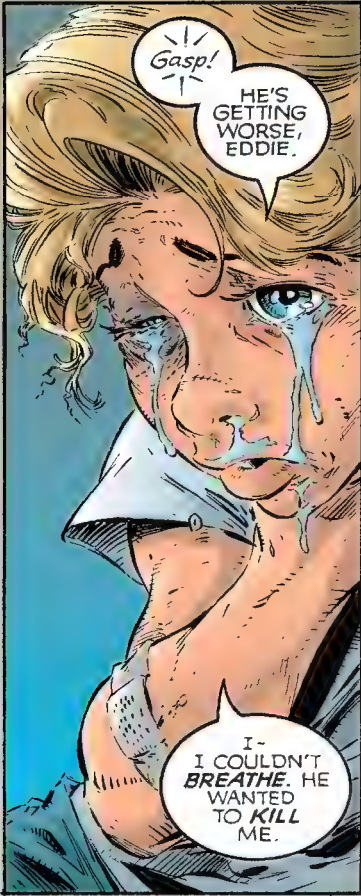


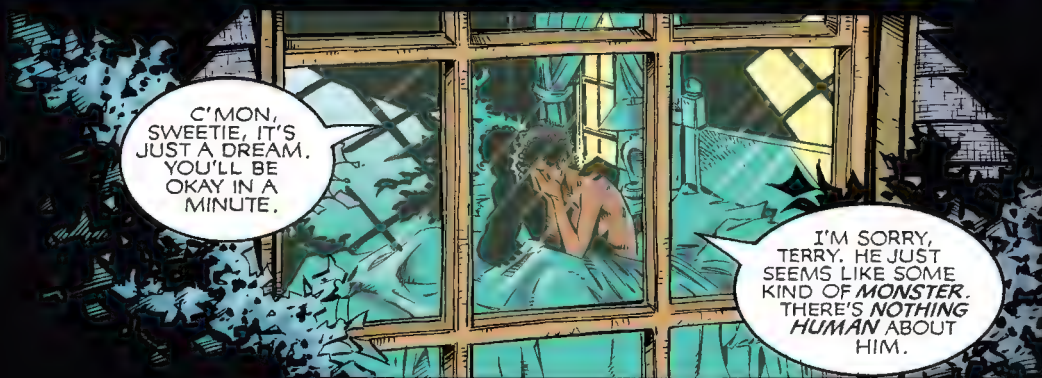
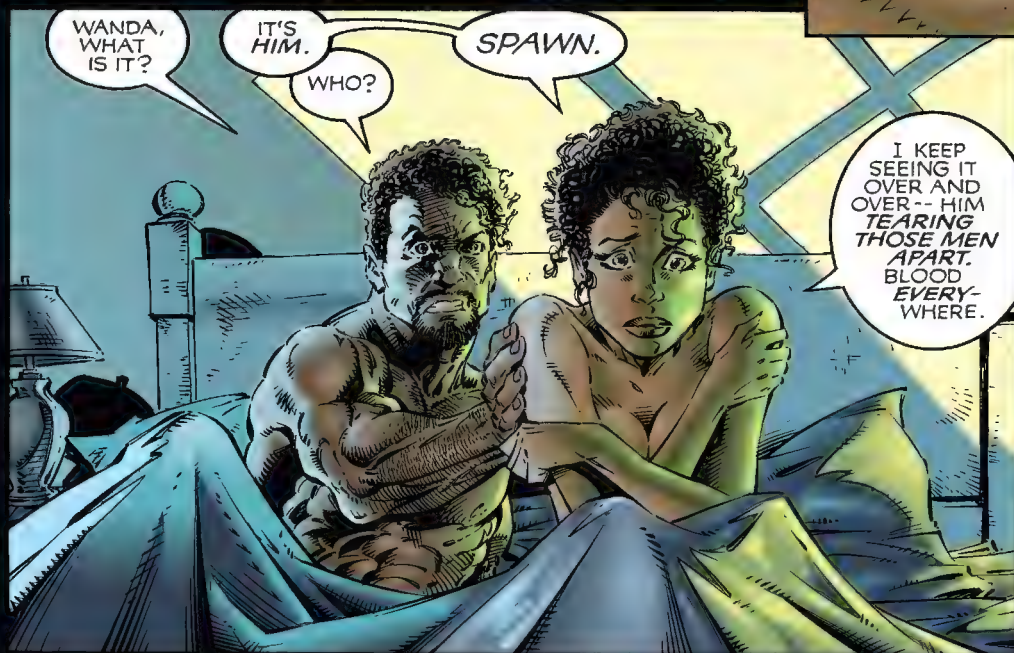
HAHAHAAA

NOW YOU TWO
GET TO BED-- AND
THINK ABOUT WHAT
WHAT COULD
REALLY HAPPEN
NEXT TIME.

I'M GOING
OUT TO THE
PUB.

**HAHA
HAHA
HAHA**

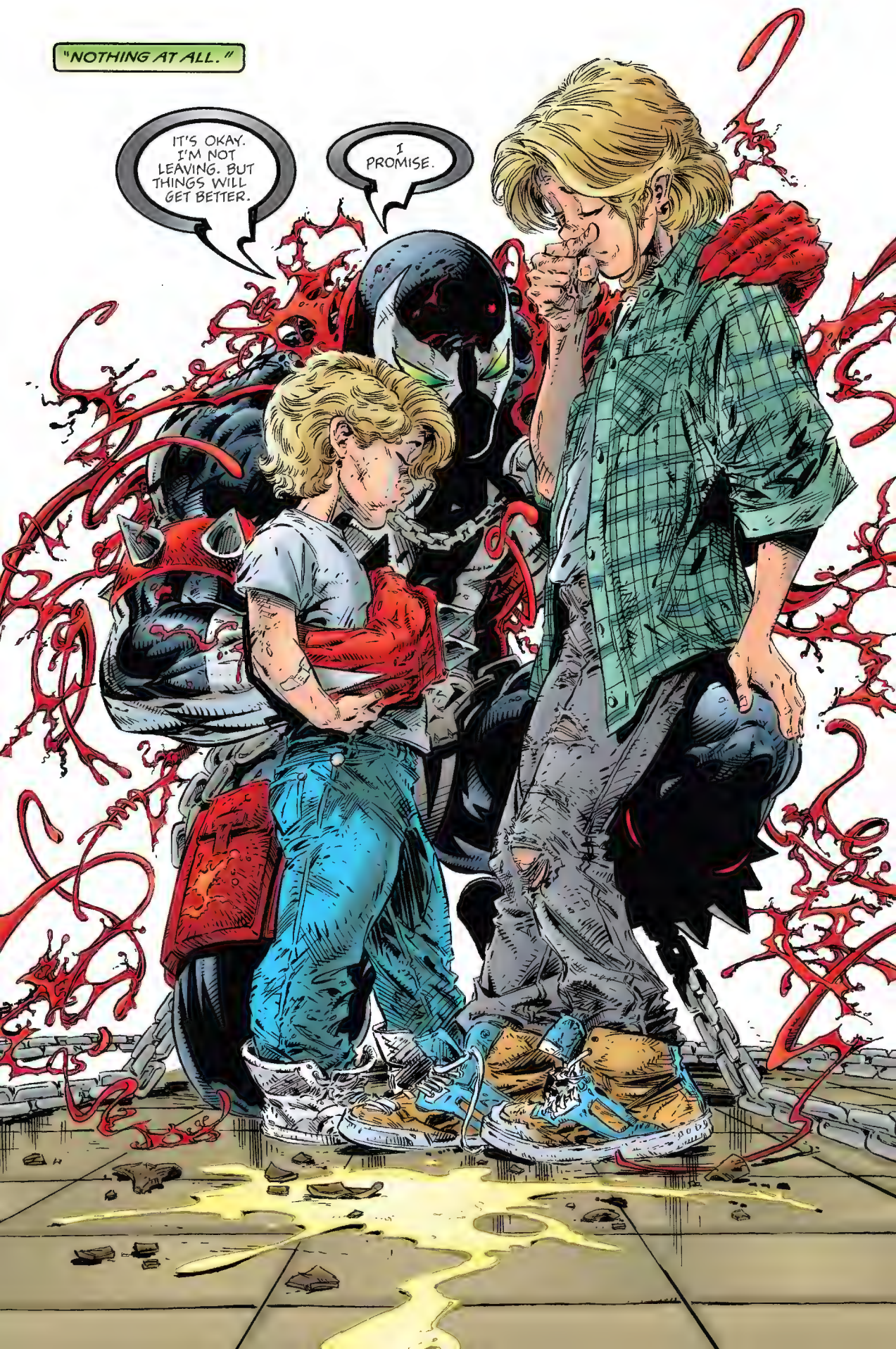




"NOTHING AT ALL."

IT'S OKAY.
I'M NOT
LEAVING. BUT
THINGS WILL
GET BETTER.

I
PROMISE.





SEE YA AROUND, JOE.

WHAT A GREAT GUY-- ALWAYS THERE FOR HIS FRIENDS.



GLUG GLUG
Huh? NOW WHAT?



C'MERE, JOE.



I'D KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF IF I THOUGHT IT'D DO ANY GOOD.

SEE, I'VE GOT THIS THING AGAINST HITTING PEOPLE FOR NO GOOD REASON. THROWING PUNCHES IS A REALLY STUPID HOBBY.

YOU'VE GOT A GREAT COUPLE OF KIDS THERE, AND THEY NEED A FATHER. IT'S TIME YOU STARTED ACTING LIKE ONE. A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE GOOD FEELINGS ABOUT YOU, JOE... IT'S TIME THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT ONES FELT THE SAME WAY. END OF SERMON.

NOW, I WANT TO LEAVE A LITTLE REMINDER FOR YOU-- A MESSAGE FOR EVERYONE WHO TALKS ABOUT WHAT A "GREAT GUY" YOU ARE.

I'LL KILL YOU!

"JOE, YOU'RE NOT LISTENING. BESIDES, YOU CAN'T KILL WHAT'S ALREADY DEAD."

"NOW HOLD STILL! THIS WON'T HURT... UNFORTUNATELY."

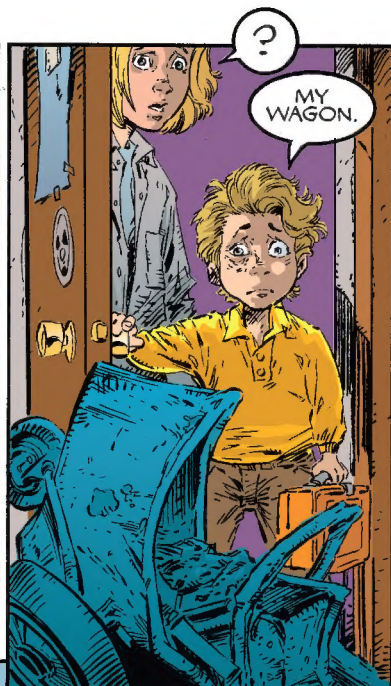
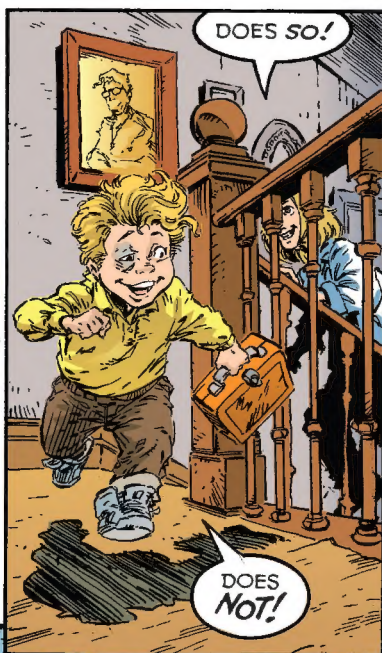
IF YOU GET INTO THE HABIT, YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF HITTING SOMEONE YOU LOVE, LIKE I DID, AND REGRETTING IT FOREVER.

IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

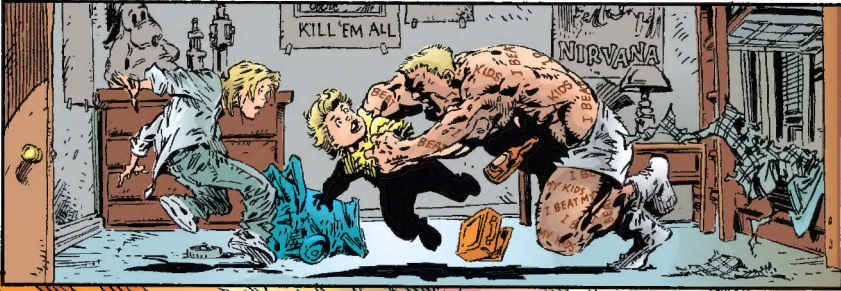
IF YOU'RE GOOD, IT'LL FADE IN A MONTH.

SATISFIED THAT HIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN RECEIVED, SPAWN HEADS OUT OF TOWN. IT'S TIME HE GOT BACK TO HIS HOME... HIS ALLEYS.

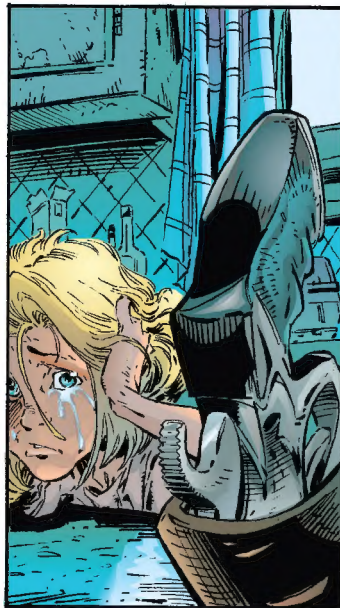
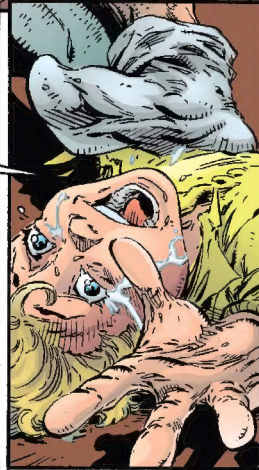
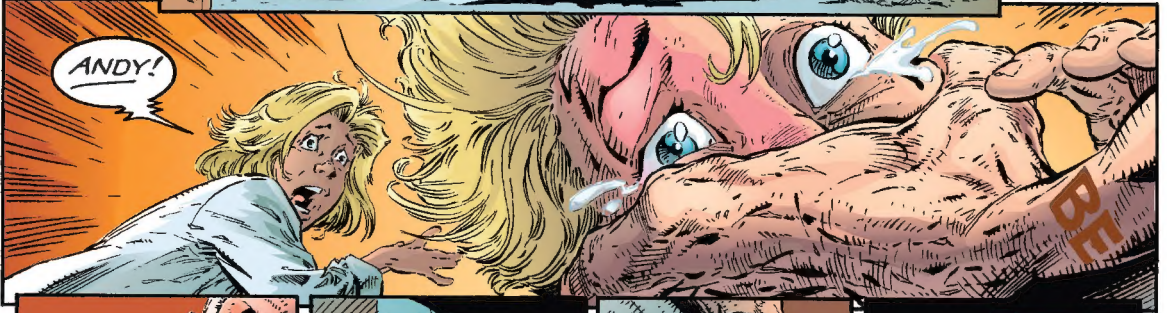




IT
BEGINS.



AGAIN.







Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE